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Sultan Mehmed II, the Conqueror

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ENGLAND & TURKEY

BY

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JONATHAN PALMER

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PREFACE

WITHIN the last few weeks, owing to the turn of the tide once again in Asia Minor, with the collapse of the Greek armies before the soldiers of the Turkish Nationalist leader, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the question of Constantinople and the Straits—neutralised since the war under the joint supervision of England, France and Italy, pending the ratification or modification of the Treaty of Sèvres—has been forced upon the attention of this country, even to the menace of war. Of the action of the late Government at this crisis some of those here who are most really interested in the question were inclined to be critical, and severely critical too, and with the Government's record it was perhaps not unnatural that they should be so.

Yet it must be frankly admitted that the Government of Mr. Lloyd George acted on the whole with remarkable promptness and judgment in the very critical situation thus created, the more remarkable, in view of the grotesque career of Foreign Office adventure, from Italy to Arabia, indulged in by Ministers, pulling down and setting up rulers, bribes and promises in hand, during and since the War.

The Government had to face a situation complicated by their own attitude of alternate flouting and fearing Mahommedan opinion in India; by their own insensate urging and backing of Greek adventure in Asia Minor; the grave uncertainties—to put it mildly—as to the relations between the Nationalist Turks, flushed with victory, and the Government of the Sultan more or less under the tutelage of the Allies, with the consequent possibility of bloodshed in Constantinople when Turk met Turk; and the risk of England appearing to yield to menace from Angora. This, and all this, had suddenly to be faced by Mr. Lloyd George, abandoned—and as regards the French, rather unhandsomely let down—by England's Allies. With this situation, tidied over for the moment, the Government of Mr. Bonar Law will have to deal at the coming Conference, if not 'before, should unhappily anything precipitate take place in Constantinople in the meantime. Criticism, therefore, of the English Government should for the moment be silent.

The pages that follow record the impressions of a visit to Turkey in the spring of 1902, with some reflections on Anglo-Turkish relations, and appeared under the title of "Abdul-Hamid II and England" in the *Cambridge Chronicle* in 1906.

Much has happened since, in Turkey and around, and much is happening now, but there still remains, after several revolutions and a series of wars—cul-

minating in the great upheaval of 1914-1918—the perennial Eastern Question, and the writer sees little reason seriously to modify the views of twenty years back—or rather those of a lifetime—on the desirableness of cultivating and maintaining cordial relations between this country and the Turkish Empire.

In December 1907 Musurus Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to England, died, and on May 19th, 1908, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the English Ambassador, died in Constantinople.

In July, the leaders of the Young Turkey Party, calling themselves the Committee of Union and Progress, suddenly emerged from obscurity and waited upon the Sultan with insistent demands for reform. Sultan Abdul-Hamid at once bent to the storm, as one felt almost sure that he would. On July 24th an Imperial iradé was issued, putting into force the Constitution of 1876, which had been a dead letter for some twenty-two years, and a general amnesty was proclaimed the next day. On August 6th the veteran Khiamil Pasha was appointed Grand Vizier, whereupon King Edward congratulated the Sultan on his choice. The enthusiasm for the reforming Sultan at the Selamlik was immense, and vast crowds surged up to the Palace of Yildiz itself, when His Imperial Majesty, despite the urgent entreaties of his entourage, spoke to the people from a window. Unfortunately the loyal crowd did not scruple to trample down the Imperial gardens.

On October 5th Bulgaria declared itself independent, and Prince Ferdinand assumed the title of King. On October 7th the Emperor Francis Joseph announced the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and on February 22nd, 1910, the Emperor signed a draft constitution. A portion of Herzegovina, the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, was however handed back by Austria to the Sultan. Bosnia, Turkish since 1463, and Herzegovina since 1699, had been administered by Austria since 1878, under the Treaty of Berlin. On December 17th the Sultan appeared in public at the opening of the Parliament, and the new régime appeared to have started well. But the Parliament, with Ahmed Riza as President, and the Cabinet, with Khiamil Pasha as Grand Vizier, and the Sultan himself in his new rôle, were virtually powerless, for the State was in the half-hidden grip of the determined band of Young Turks, led by Enver Bey, Talaat, Djemal, and Mahmoud Shefket—the Committee of Union and Progress.

On February 13th, 1909, Hilmi Pasha succeeded Khiamil Pasha as Grand Vizier. On April 13th a military reaction in Constantinople against the control of the Sultan and the State by the Committee of Union and Progress resulted in the resignation of Hilmi Pasha, when the Sultan appointed Tewfik Pasha Grand Vizier. Thereupon Mahmoud Shefket Pasha, at the head of the Macedonian army from

Salonika, the headquarters of the Young Turk revolution, advanced upon Constantinople, and on April 24th took the city.

Three days later the revolutionaries caused the new Sheikh-ul-Islam to dethrone the Sultan, and the next day, April 28th, Abdul-Hamid II left Constantinople with his family in a special train for Salonika.

Turkish revolutionary leaders are happily not as the Serbians. In 1903 King Alexander and Queen Draga were butchered, mutilated and exposed by Orthodox military officers, and the Archbishop appointed by the dead king held a thanksgiving service in the Cathedral the next day.

In 1909 Sultan Abdul-Hamid was put in a saloon carriage and taken to a villa residence by Mussulman Young Turks.

Mahommed Rechad Effendi was at once proclaimed Sultan, with the title of Mahommed V, and on May 1st Tewfik Pasha was re-appointed Grand Vizier. But on the 5th he was superseded by Hilmi Pasha, and on May 13th he was appointed Turkish Ambassador in London. On December 28th Hakki Bey became Grand Vizier. On January 19th, 1910, the Palace of Tcheragan was burnt down.

The Committee of Union and Progress were slow to take office themselves, preferring to make use of some of the wisest heads in Turkey, men such as Khiamil, Said, Hilmi, and Tewfik, Liberals of the Old

Turk school, who had been out in the cold during the later years of Sultan Abdul-Hamid's vigorous rule.

Yet it was an evil day for Turkey when Sultan Abdul-Hamid left. Revolutions and wars have scarcely ceased since. The new Sultan had little more than a year's respite, during which Mahomed V received at Constantinople King Peter of Serbia, King Ferdinand and Queen Eleanore of Bulgaria, and H.I.M. the Empress Eugénie—in the spring of 1910 ; and then came the unhappy breaking of the world's peace by the foolish Italian expedition against Turkey in Tripoli in 1911. Following upon the Italian adventure came the hideous wars against Turkey in Europe. Four kings, two of them perhaps unwillingly, banded themselves together in the autumn of 1912 to attack Turkey, nominally for the advancement of Christianity and civilization, in reality to slay and to take possession. The noblest of the four paid for the deed with his life, for King George of Greece met with assassination in the city of Salonika, which he had taken from the Turks, in the jubilee year of an honoured reign. When Salonika was threatened, Sultan Abdul-Hamid was allowed to return to Constantinople and take up his residence at Beylerbey. Subsequently H.I.M. removed to Eski-Shehr and thence to Kara-Hissar.

A fifth sovereign, with sounder judgment, or better control of his people, stood aside with masterly

inactivity, armed to the teeth, and Roumania, under the wise guidance of King Charles, found herself stronger at the end of the wars, without the loss of a single life.

Turkey, at war with four kings at once, lost Albania, Macedonia, and finally Thrace, and then, with King Ferdinand occupying Adrianople, the Turkish army, beaten back almost to the Chataldja lines, and Constantinople seemingly at the mercy of the Bulgar, peace was signed. But when Nazim Pasha, the Turkish leader, got back to Constantinople, he was assassinated, and the rest of the Cabinet turned out by a coup d'état. Khiamil Pasha, Reschid Bey, Abdurrahman Bey, and the Sheik-ul-Islam Djemaleddin were placed under temporary arrest. The Young Turk leaders, Enver, Talaat, Djemal, and Shefket, chose this unhappy moment, with misguided patriotism, for showing to the world a house divided against itself in Turkey, and for superseding men wiser than themselves. Shefket Pasha, the new Grand Vizier, was soon assassinated in his turn, after he had signed another peace accepting the Enos-Midia line for the Western frontier. Prince Said Halim Pasha then became Grand Vizier, and Talaat joined the Cabinet. Soon after this the Balkan Allies against Turkey fell out between themselves, and Bulgaria found herself at war over Macedonia with Greece and Serbia, and at last, with Roumania too. Thus it was that the

Turks walked back into Adrianople as the Bulgarians walked out, and Mahommed V had his Western frontier extended to the line of the Maritza, very much as it was, with the exception of Mustafa Pasha, before the war. All was lost again, of course, practically up to the Chataldja lines, under the preposterous treaty of Sèvres at the close of the Great War, when Thrace was assigned to Greece.

In 1913 a somewhat curtailed Albanian State was set up by the Powers, and Prince William of Wied was sent there in 1914 as king. But the Mpret soon found his position untenable, from insurrection and intrigue, and wisely withdrew, and Albania was still in an unsettled state when the great war began. In the peace settlement the victorious Allies made the usual mistake of cutting off portions of the country for distribution amongst the neighbouring states; but at the present time, after a change of Regency and considerable unrest, this stalwart people, half Catholic and half Mussulman, seem to be settling down. Those who have seen Albania and know the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mehmed Konitza Bey, as a friend, will regard as a good augury his appointment as first Albanian Minister at the Court of St. James'. Albania still lacks a king. Montenegro, to the lasting shame of the Allies, for whose cause King Nicholas was foremost to declare, came to an end as a sovereign state as a result of the peace, and the Allies thus celebrated their victory for the cause

of the independence of small nationalities by abolishing the smallest state which fought on their side.

In Bulgaria about the same time, King Ferdinand lost his throne, and his son, as Boris I, is now nominally king, and King Constantine, the irreproachable and devoted sovereign of Greece, was driven from his kingdom, and his second son, as Alexander I, deemed to be king. The young sovereign, bitten by a monkey, soon died. King Constantine, prudent and loyal, took the safest course for his country in the great crisis, yet whilst the neutrality of Greece was recognised by the English high command as most favourable to the Allies, and by the German Emperor as inimical to the Central Empires, the King was driven from his throne as a result of Allied intrigue, and the Cretan politician, Venezelos, the disturber of the Levant and *protégé* of the English press, climbed back for a season to power. Repudiated by the nation, Venezelos left as a legacy the Asia Minor adventure, pushed by the Allies, which has lately come so completely to grief. King Constantine returned to his people and his home, until the unfortunate escapade, started by the Allies in Asia Minor, during the exile of the king, ended recently in crushing defeat; the Turks from Angora entered Smyrna, and have since been allowed by the Allies to administer Thrace. King Constantine has now gone again into exile, as a result of the customary military

revolt in the hour of defeat, and the Crown Prince, as George II, is understood to reign. Meanwhile, on the death of King Charles of Roumania, his nephew succeeded to the throne as Ferdinand I, and at Belgrade, on the death recently of King Peter, his second son became King of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, as Alexander I. The collapse of Turkey's greatest enemy, the Russian Empire, and the most regrettable break-up of her other great neighbour, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, as a result of the war, can only be referred to here; but the dealings of the Soviet Government of Russia with the Turkish Assembly at Angora constitute a somewhat mysterious and interesting chapter in the latest developments of the Eastern Question which will repay study, and may require it very soon.

Mahommed (Rechad) V fulfilled with precision the limited rôle of a constitutional sovereign assigned to him, and probably this was not distasteful to a Prince who was as different in habits and temperament as he was in face and figure from his brother, Abdul-Hamid II. Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddine died in 1905, so when Mahommed V came to the throne in 1909, Prince Suleyman, another brother, was the heir, but he died in July of that year, when Prince Youssouff Izzet Eddine became heir to the Imperial throne.

The eldest son of Abdul-Aziz, and first cousin of the last four Sultans, Prince Youssouff was a notable

figure in England in 1910, when some of us well recollect him at the funeral of King Edward VII. The Turkish heir, a man of very short stature, walked side by side with the Austrian heir, the tall Archduke Francis Ferdinand, down the hill within Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel, immediately behind an emperor and eight kings.

The Turkish Crown Prince died a mysterious death not so very long ago, and the Austrian Imperial Prince's assassination in 1914 was the prelude to the Great War. On the death of Prince Youssouff, Prince Mahommed Vahid Eddine, the present Sultan, became heir to the throne, succeeding as Sultan Mahommed VI on the death of Mahommed V in July 1918.

The present heir to the throne is Prince Salah Eddine, son of the Sultan Murad V, and next in the succession comes Abdul-Medjid, second son of Sultan Abdul-Aziz, and then Mahommed-Selim, eldest son of Sultan Abdul-Hamid II.

H.I.M. Sultan Mahommed VI, a great contrast in face and figure to his predecessor, and with a strong likeness to Sultan Abdul-Hamid, has fallen on evil days, and whilst of his character nothing but good can be said, of his policy it is impossible to speak, for reigning as a figurehead under the immediate tutelage of the Allies, and with the only unconquered part of his Empire in revolt—a ruler without rule—he could have none. With the

disappearance of the Committee of Union and Progress swept away during the war, Mahomed VI was free to turn to such men as Tewfik Pasha, Ferid Pasha, and finally Tewfik Pasha again, to fill the office of Grand Vizier of the Turkish Empire.

As was obvious enough twenty years ago, England took second place in Turkey, owing to the baneful influence of the Gladstonian tradition, for where England had cheerfully walked out, Germany had readily walked in. That state of things is past now, with the defeat of the Central Empires, and the field is open to England again, with the gateway to the East, the natural railway route from Haidar Pasha to India, through Afghanistan.

Had the first Russian revolution, the intellectual coterie so popular with the English Press, who dethroned and imprisoned the Czar—Miliukoff, Gutchkoff, and the President of the Duma, Rodzianzko, with Prince Lwov as figure-head—maintained its position, there would not only have been no Constantinople for the Turks, but no freedom of the Straits; with Russia alone in the field, and the gateway to the East bolted and barred. But fortunately for England, Kerensky brought confusion to his colleagues, and Lenin completed the work. The Russian is gone as well as the German, and the field is once more open for England, although the French have got a bit of a lead, to re-occupy what should never have been forfeited, the position of first friend.

to the Turk. Patience will be required, it is true, to restore confidence and esteem. Faults there have been on both sides, but let the Turk once trust the Englishman as he did of old, and an entente so eminently desirable for both, politically, financially, and otherwise, and the best guarantee for peace in the Near East, may soon be an established fact. It should be remembered that if there are signs of impatience, and even of truculence, at present on the Turkish Nationalist side, there is a good deal in the policy of the Coalition Government to forget and forgive.

To go back to where we began, the late Government made many mistakes in the near East. We may confidently expect that the new Government will make less. But in justice to Mr. Lloyd George it should be remembered that he had the good sense and the courage to accept, in the face of the bitter jibes and warnings of the gutter press, the invitation of Italy to the Conference at Genoa, and there to tackle, amidst immense difficulties, the biggest question in the near East. The late Prime Minister fought patiently and hard for the settlement of relations with the new Russia, with which problem the Turkish question is rather awkwardly bound up, and in this he had at least the support of the convener and President of the Conference. The then Italian Prime Minister is a statesman rare in these times, of no narrow nationalist view, for Signor Nitti's

range of political vision extends far over and beyond the confines of that incomparable land which the sea and the Alps surround.

There should be no insuperable difficulty in the way of M. Poincaré and Lord Curzon coming to an early understanding on the main questions to be dealt with at Lausanne, but they will both have to deal with a fresh element, the new "*Italie d'Opéra Comique*," the reactionary revolution known as *Fascismo*, in the person of Signor Mussolini, the ex-Socialist leader and present Fascist Dictator, and he is a dark horse.

It may perhaps be permissible to add that any Turkish leaders, however patriotic, who lightly cast away the tradition of 400 years in Constantinople of Imperial Moslem rule, cannot be reckoned in England as representatives of the Ottoman Empire at all. With any repudiation of the historic Caliphate, on the strength of which rests more or less the whole case, as urged upon England by Indian Mussulmans and the friends of Turkey in the West, the claim for a restoration of the position held by Turkey in Europe before the war, practically falls to the ground. It is most earnestly to be hoped that moderating counsels may prevail in Kemalist circles. Those of us who have met such men as Bekir Samy Bey, Nihad Rechad Bey, or the Ministers Youssouff Kemal Bey and Fethy Bey, would be reluctant to think of the possibility of any reprehensible acts of violence

taking place in the Turkish capital with their consent. At the moment of writing the situation has become more acute, and whilst it is sincerely to be hoped that no act of ardent unwisdom on the part of the Kemalists may call for punitive action by England, it is absolutely impossible to listen to demands for the evacuation of Constantinople and the Straits until the Conference has been held at Lausanne, and peace with Turkey is signed.

R. H. E.

CAMBRIDGE,

November 7th, 1922.

P.S.—On November 10th the Sultan appeared at the Selamlık as usual, but, with his household troops gone, his ministers put out of action, and Rafet Pasha, the Nationalist Governor of Thrace, in command at Constantinople, the position of the sovereign had become so precarious that, brave man, and calm as he is, the Sultan wisely decided to leave the capital while there was yet time. On November 17th, accompanied by his son, Prince Mehmed Ertogrul, the Sultan drove down in the strictest privacy to the pier at Tophaneh, and, received by General Harrington and Admiral Brock, entered the Admiral's barge, and went on board H.M.S. *Malaya* at the Golden Horn. Two days later, Rafet Pasha informed Abdul-Medjid Effendi of his election that day, at the Angora Assembly, as Caliph of the Moslems. So, when the President of the Swiss Confederation, M. Haab, formally welcomed the Conference of Delegates from England, France, Italy, Japan, Turkey, Greece, Jugo-Slavia and Roumania, on November 20th, in the Casino at Lausanne, Sultan Mahomed VI, Emperor of the Ottomans, had

arrived at Malta, without resigning any of his powers, and the position of Caliph at Constantinople had been accepted by his cousin Prince Abdul Medjid.

The Grenadier Guards within call of the palace of Yildiz, the reception of the Sultan by General and Admiral, the fanfare of bugles as His Imperial Majesty safely set foot on an English man-of-war, and the official welcome of Mahomed VI by the Governor of Malta, are a pleasing reminder that England can still do the right thing in the right way.

There was something in it of the 'grand manner' of other and nobler times; the great days of Lord Beaconsfield's practical imagination, and the forceful majesty of England's Queen.

November 22.

P.P.S.—The Conference has suddenly been presented with the problem of the shocking spectacle exhibited by the militarist rulers of Greece. The hideous murders—after a court-martial—of the veteran ex-Prime Minister, M. Gounaris, with two other former Prime Ministers, two more ex-Ministers, and a General, must surely shock the conscience of Europe and remove all Greek claims from any further consideration at Lausanne. For the development of this tragedy the Coalition Government is not free from blame. The only fault, apparently, of M. Gounaris was that he was loyal and honest, in spite of being a politician of modern Greece.

The Government of Mr. Bonar Law has at once taken the only proper course in the recall of Mr. Lindley, the British Minister, from Athens, for, as in the case of Serbia in 1903, this country can hold no official intercourse with those who have forfeited their right to be treated as representing an independent and civilized state.

November 30.

ABDUL-HAMID II AND ENGLAND

I

THE recent illness of the Sultan, from which His Imperial Majesty appears now to have in a great measure recovered, following upon the happily unsuccessful attempt upon his life last year, has contributed to re-direct attention in England to the once perennial "Eastern Question." The illness of a Sultan, however slight, is naturally a cause of much uneasiness, for in a country like Turkey, where absolute rule prevails, and there is constant jealousy between the palace favourites and the recognised ministers—not to mention what is known as "the young Turkey party"—the least whisper of an impending demise of the Crown is almost as bad as a threatened revolution. And there is always a certain amount of uncertainty as to the succession itself, the provision of Turkish law making it extremely improbable for a Sultan to be succeeded by his son, a fact which does not tend to increase the affection of a reigning Sultan towards the next in line. There are frequently rumours of plots and counter-plots, and the life of the heir presumptive—there is no such thing as an heir apparent in Turkey—is by no means a tranquil one. At the present time there is some talk of an attempt to put the younger son of Abdul-Aziz on the throne, while the present Sultan is credited not unnaturally with

a desire for a son of his own to succeed. But Abdul-Hamid is not yet an old man—he is the junior of Edward VII by almost a year—and although he is doubtless in a suffering state of health from time to time, it is to be hoped that, with care, and attention to the advice of European doctors, his life may be prolonged for years. At all events, the sensational reports of certain French papers must not be treated too seriously.

Born September 22nd, 1842, Abdul-Hamid II succeeded his brother, Murad V, August 31st, 1876, and had to face almost at the outset of his reign the difficulties and horrors of the Russian War. His immediate predecessor, Murad, was born on the 21st of September, 1840, and succeeded to the throne on the deposition of his uncle, Sultan Abdul-Aziz, May 30th, 1876. Five days later Abdul-Aziz met with a violent death, not improbably by his own hand, and the tragedy had such an effect on his amiable but not very strong nephew that the deposition of the new Sultan was carried out on the 31st of August by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the maker and unmaker of Sultans. The father of the present Sultan and ex-Sultan was Abdul-Medjid, who died in 1861, his brother, Abdul-Aziz, succeeding him. At the present time the heir presumptive is Mahomed Rechad Effendi, the present Sultan's brother, as next in order of age of the Princes of the House of Osman, for this is the Turkish rule of succession. Rechad, who would take the title of Mahomed V, was born in 1844, the son of Sultan Abdul-Medjid. The succession then goes to the next

brother, Ahmed Kemal-Eddine Effendi, born 1847, and then to the eldest son of Sultan Abdul-Aziz, Youssouff Izzet Eddine, who was born in 1857. Next in order come two more brothers of the present Sultan—Suleyman and Vahid Eddine—then Salah Eddine, son of the ex-Sultan Murad, born in 1866, and then the younger son of Abdul-Aziz, Abdul-Medjid, who is said to be put forward by some now. Next, eighth on the list, comes the eldest son of the reigning Sultan, Mahomed Selim, born in 1870. So the list goes up to the nineteenth Prince, the eleven-year-old son of the present Sultan. This much to show the system of succession to the throne, and the inevitable uncertainties connected with it.

It is sometimes the fashion to speak of the Sultan as a weak and irresolute ruler. The exact contrary is the truth. From the pleasure-loving Abdul-Aziz, and the incompetent Murad, Abdul-Hamid inherited a rule that was imaginary rather than real, and in a very few years, in spite of the Russian War, he so consolidated his power that he is now the most absolute Sovereign in Europe, holding every detail of government in his own hands. That he is a profoundly shrewd diplomatist few will deny, after his successful opposition to the not always wise coercion attempted from time to time by the powers of Europe.

The Empire was, of course, saved in 1877-8 by the intervention of Lord Beaconsfield. But for the wisdom of the most far-seeing of modern Prime Ministers the Russian Tyrant would have taken Constantinople, and would have become a constant menace to our own

position in the Mediterranean. "The integrity of the Ottoman Empire," the keynote of Lord Beaconsfield's European policy, has unfortunately been neglected by succeeding ministers of both parties, with the approval, it would seem, of the British public, which is always ready with a high but not particularly well informed sense of righteousness and justice to believe almost anything of the "unspeakable Turk." "Bulgarian atrocities" was the first catchword, with a substratum of truth, employed with much success by the late Mr. Gladstone for the overthrow of his great antagonist Lord Beaconsfield. "Armenian atrocities," "Macedonian outrages," have since done their service with more or less success, although none of them perhaps ever quite reached the high-water mark of radical playing on the feelings of righteous England which was attained by the recent "Chinese slavery" cry. Doubtless a fear of Russia has contributed to the abandonment of the wiser Beaconsfield policy, but now, with Russia down, this fear no longer exists, and there are already signs of a reaction. It is more than time that there was. England no longer holds the position of powerful friend at Constantinople. That we have cheerfully conceded to the German Emperor. But there is a more serious menace than this. From time to time, as everyone knows, there are signs of Mahomedan unrest throughout Eastern lands, and at almost any moment our Empire, with its enormous Mahomedan population, may find itself face to face with an upheaval, with such a flame of religious fanaticism that

only the co-operation of the "Commander of the Faithful" could avail soon to quench. The Pan-Islamic movement at the present time, which is naturally turning towards the Sultan for a lead, should teach us this, if we had not learnt it before. Are we always to act the part of a fault-finding critic, not far removed from a bully, of the Caliph, or shall we, like the German Emperor, look a little more ahead, and consider greater interests than the right or wrong of bogus revolutions in the Balkan States?

It is of course undeniable that Turkish methods of repression leave much to be desired. The Imperial Ottoman soldiers carry out their work with a thoroughness which does not quite tally with English ideas of humanity. When Turkish troops are sent to restore order, they set out with the intention of making a complete job, and they usually do it. But are the Turkish soldiers, or more strictly the Government which sends them, really to be held responsible for causing this bloodshed? We should, of course, like to see their zeal tempered with mercy, especially as regards the weaker inhabitants of the chastised village or town, but after all, they do not act without provocation, and of this they have enough and to spare. Bishop Westcott, whom everyone would admit was not in any sense opposed to the Liberal Party as such, once observed to the present writer, "The Armenian Revolutionary Committees are every bit as bad as the Turks." And the Bishop of Norwich, a supporter of Mr. Gladstone—although no longer of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—speaks more

strongly from his own intimate knowledge of the Near East, on the conduct of the Christian revolutionaries. The "Bulgarian atrocities," so vividly described by Dr. Liddon and Canon Maccoll, have long been shown to have been greatly exaggerated since they did such yeoman service against Lord Beaconsfield in the Midlothian Campaign. It was no surprise to some to learn recently on excellent authority how greatly that attack on the First Minister of the Crown excited the ire and indignation of Queen Victoria. It is Bulgarians who have most to answer for in these present times. Parties of agitators, dreaming of a greater Bulgaria, stir up strife from time to time in Macedonia, in spite of the laudable restraint exercised by Prince Ferdinand and his Government. Their intention seems to be to get a sufficient number of Mahommedans murdered by Christians to cause the Turkish Commander in the district to carry out reprisals on a scale that will shock the conscience of Europe, and induce some well-meaning but ill-informed Government to intervene against the "unspeakable Turk." There does not seem to be any ground for supposing that the Turkish Government itself permits small revolutions in order to afford a pretext for repression, as seems only too probably the case across the border in the Russian Empire. And yet the Sultan is asked, and even coerced, to allow Russian direction of the Administration of Macedonia.

It is not the fault of some of the Powers who act thus—we must specially exempt Germany in this

indictment—if a more serious upheaval has not yet taken place in the Ottoman Empire. The neighbouring Albanian subjects of the Sultan, strict Mahommedans, and some of the finest soldiers in the world, have to look on and see concessions wrung from their master, and the murder of their co-religionists indirectly encouraged, in order to satisfy the coercing Powers in the name of justice and humanity. And so it comes to pass that the Sultan is compelled to adopt punitive measures of a most difficult character to repress the offended Albanians, some of his finest and most loyal defenders.

This is not the way to assist the Sultan to carry out real reforms in the government of his heterogeneous Empire, or indeed to have regard to common justice, and the rights of humanity, whether Christian or Mahommedan. The Sultan can hardly be expected to listen to the suggestions of the British Ambassador when our Government no longer occupies the position of a friendly critic. When Sir William White, the greatest of our Ambassadors to the Sublime Porte in recent years, was at Constantinople, it was not so bad, for Sir William had the personal confidence of the Sultan, but recent ministries of both parties have done little to encourage Abdul-Hamid to trust England. Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett stood almost alone, even when Lord Salisbury was in power, in appealing for fairness towards the Ottoman Empire. Mr. Balfour, it is true, speaking with that lofty detachment which is at once the admiration of the philosophically-minded amongst his supporters, and

the despair of those who are not, did put the case of the Balkan troubles clearly and impartially before the British public, but ill-informed sentiment was against him. It will be remembered that the bomb outrage last year in Constantinople, when the Sultan had so narrow an escape, took place at the Selamlik, and as this is now almost the only public appearance of his Majesty, some description of the ceremony and of the Sovereign himself may not be out of place here.

But first of all it is natural to ask, as most people do when they arrive in Constantinople, where is the palace, the residence of the Sultan? And this is not such a very easy question to answer. Palaces there are in plenty, it is true, large and imposing. There is the old seraglio in Stambûl itself, Dolma-bâghcheh with its long façade on the Bosphorus, Tcheragan just beyond, if not quite so large, still more glittering in marble whiteness, and Beylerbey on the Asiatic side further up, where the Empress Eugénie once resided. These are all Imperial palaces, but at none of these does the Sultan reside. At the old seraglio, custom provides, or did provide, for the solemn appearance of the Sultan once a year during Ramazân, but this is now a thing of the past. Dolma-bâghcheh, the palace of state, is still used twice a year during Bairam for the great receptions, but this is all. Tcheragan is, or was, the residence—or prison—of the ex-Sultan Murad, and Beylerbey is deserted. But behind Tcheragan is a park, a big park, stretching up and over the hill, and command-

ing lovely views of the Bosphorus. It is enclosed with high walls, and contains a lake and a number of beautiful kiosks. This is Yildiz, the centre of Government, and the residence of the Sultan, although in what actual building his Majesty sleeps or dines his subjects could not probably tell you. "The Palace" is a mystery at the gates of Constantinople, like the able and hard-working sovereign who dwells somewhere within its boundary walls. But once a week the Sultan always shows himself, and his failure to do so would give rise at once to rumours of his serious illness, if not of his death. This is the Selamlik—from *selam* (salutation)—and it will be remembered that all the recent alarm about the Sultan arose from his absence one Friday in August, for the first time in his reign, from this weekly ceremony. It is true that it is now made as easy as possible. Formerly the Sultans have driven or ridden to different mosques for the public prayers, but his present Majesty has constructed on the side of the hill, a few yards only from the gates of Yildiz, a beautiful mosque, called after its builder, "Hamidyeh Jami'," which is now invariably used for the Selamlik.

II

It is not easy to exaggerate the beauty of Constantinople, whether viewed from the sea, or looking over the three towns from the top of Pera. When we paid a visit to Constantinople in order to be present at the Selamlik, our arrival was by water. We had boarded a big Russian boat called the

"Nicholas II" at the Piraeus, in the evening of a rainy day in April, 1902, after driving down from Athens to this rather degraded looking sea-port. The "Nicholas II," having come from Alexandria, was detained for some time in quarantine, but at last we got on board, and found we had fellow-passengers of many nationalities—English, French, Italian, German, Greek, Russian, Egyptians, Arabs, and Sudanese. Close to us was anchored King George's yacht preparing to sail, and an English boat called the "Lochmore."

A night's steam through the Greek islands brought us to the lovely gulf of Smyrna, with its green sloping banks, but a four hours' detention in quarantine—while the motley crowd of steerage-passengers were taken ashore and smoked—curtailed our stay in this city of exquisite beauty. Viewed from the sea at night it is almost unrivalled. A drive through the town before the light went, visiting the great bazaar, etc., with a real Eastern crowd at the cafés by the harbour, amply repaid the trouble of getting ashore in small boats against time. We had reluctantly to abandon a much cherished visit to Ephesus.

Another night at sea, and the next morning at eight we could see Imbros behind us on the left, and the Plain of Troy on our right. At nine we entered the Dardanelles, between the forts of Sidd el-Bahr and Kum Kaleh. At Chanak Kalesi with the "Castle of Asia" (Sultaniyeh Kalesi) we were stopped for a brief inspection by a most courteous

doctor, who was greeted as an old friend by one of our fellow-passengers. This was a quiet elderly Frenchman, who wore a fez, and was none other than the Commander of the French Imperial yacht, "l'Aigle," who conducted the Empress Eugénie in these seas, when H.I.M. visited the Sultan Abdul-Aziz, and lodged at Beylerbey. That was in 1869, when the Empress of the French opened the Suez Canal, and "l'Aigle" proudly led a stately procession through the new waterway, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Khedive Ismail, the Crown Prince Frederick, etc., attendant in her train. Opposite Chanak Kalesi is Kilid Bahr—the "Castle of Europe."

In the afternoon we passed Gallipoli—with the flat roofs and white minarets of Turkey—on a rocky corner of the European coast, and in the evening the Island of Marmora on our right. Another night crossing the sea of Marmora in the teeth of a north-east wind, and in the early dawn of a bitterly cold morning we slowly rounded the Seraglio Point, with Santa Sophia in near view, and anchored in the Golden Horn. We were at the mouth of the famous inlet, moored in mid-stream, swung round, and facing Asia, with Stambûl—the city proper of Constantinople—on our right. Behind us, through the masts of mooring ships, the Galata Bridge, with its great lateral boat landings, appeared to close the Golden Horn. On our left was Galata with its tower, with Pera above, and across the Bosphorus, Skutari, with the Selimiyyeh Barracks, the Military Hospital, and the cypresses of the Crimean cemetery to the right.

We landed about 8.0 in a small boat, not a *caïque*, though there were some of these picturesque looking boats about, with their high carved prow, single sail, and eight oars. The rowers stand as they come forward to their oars.

We were soon passed through the very easy customs, and a short drive through the business quarters of the town near the Galata Tower, and up steep and winding streets shockingly paved, brought us to our quarters at the Hotel de Londres, facing the public gardens above the Petit Champs des Morts, and within a stone's throw of the British Embassy.

The view from our room can hardly be described. It impressed itself upon me as the most beautiful inhabited panorama in the world, and it was scarcely less impressive during the strangely clear moonlight nights. Four windows gave us a prospect over green gardens and the cypress trees of the Kuchuk Mezâr-istan to the Admiralty (Divân Khâneh), the Naval Arsenal (Tersâne), and a prison (Habyss), with the Golden Horn below, studded with many tiny boats, while off the Arsenal were moored the few warships of the Turkish Navy. The mobility of these iron-clads is said to be a matter of considerable doubt.

The inner bridge connecting Galata and Stambûl divides the port of Commerce from the port of War. Across the water the houses of the closely-built Stambûl, with the three big mosques of the Sultan Suleiman, the Sultan Mahommed II (the Conqueror), and the Sultan Selim, stood out clear, with a glimpse of the Sea of Marmora over the town. Below us on

the right was the dirty suburb of Kassim Pasha, and on the other side of the Golden Horn, Phanar, the Greek quarter with its cathedral, and Balata, the Jewish quarter, within the walls of Stambûl. Further inland lies the suburb of Ayûb, with its mosque and cemetery. This mosque, built by the Conqueror, is never opened to Christians, for it is here that the Sultans, on their accession, are girded with the sword of Osman. Before lunch we called at the Embassy, and walked down to the English Consulate near the Galata Tower, returning by a tramcar with its compartments for men and women.

III

The day after we arrived was a Friday, the Sunday of the Mahommedans, when the Sultan goes to public prayer, that is, the Selamlîk. The ceremony usually takes place about noon, but we started from Pera about 9.45. Our Ambassador was not going that day, so we had to do the best we could for ourselves. We had one, or rather two, of the usual little victorias, with a pair of small horses that took all the hills, despite the rough paving, at a great pace. Our route lay through the suburb of Fundukli and past the big Artillery barracks, and Grands Champs des Morts, with the huge German Embassy on the highest point of the hill near by. A Turkish cemetery is rather an extraordinary sight. The people visit the graves a great deal, but they never appear to attempt to keep the tombs in repair. The monuments are at all angles, and frequently broken, and

the place, despite the tall cypresses, has the most neglected, abandoned appearance. A sharp descent from this hill led us past the huge Palace of Dolma-bâghcheh, built by Abdul-Medjid in 1853, and used by him and Abdul-Aziz as the chief Imperial residence. It was here that Abdul-Aziz was compelled to abdicate in 1876, and from here he was carried off at night to the Old Seraglio, whence he was removed at his own request to the beautiful Tcheragan, to die in this palace of his own building in the course of a few days—not improbably by his own hand. As you descend the hill, the Yeni Valideh Jami' (new mosque of the Valideh Sultan), built by the mother of Abdul-Medjid (the present Sultan's grandmother), stands out prominently on the right near the water. You see nothing of the palace itself from the high road, except a very handsome gateway in its high walls, but the sea front looks very fine with flights of steps leading up from the water, where the present Sultan met the German Emperor in state in 1898.

On the opposite side of the road to the palace is a military depôt—formerly the Court theatre of Abdul-Aziz—and the Imperial stables. We were now in the suburb of Beshiktash, a long straggling place with a few cafés along the road, and most of the houses with latticed windows, according to Mahomedan rule. The pier is a convenient starting place for a trip up the Bosphorus.

Shortly after passing the palace we turned to the left and ascended a steep hill inland to the Palace of Yildiz. The soldiers were crowding up in

all directions all along the road, and the carriage traffic was immense, all going to the Selamlık. At last we arrived below the Hamidieh Jami', a very beautiful marble building in three sections, with a central dome and one tall minaret on the right wing. This minaret was much damaged by the bomb explosion last year at the Selamlık. The left aisle, if we may so call it, is used by the Sultan alone, entering by a separate window stair richly carpeted and railed, and the centre or nave by the Imperial Court. Two clock faces are displayed on the minaret, one showing Turkish and the other Eastern European time. Turkish time is calculated from sunset to sunset, 354 days making a lunar year of twelve months, containing twenty-nine and thirty days alternately. This computation causes anniversaries to make the round of our year every thirty-three years.

The Turkish era began on 15-16 July, A.D. 622, so the present year, 1324, began February 25th, 1906. It was the 18th of April, so sunset the previous evening being about 7.0 by Eastern European time—two hours before England's time—the hour of the Selamlık was about 5.0 (that is, 17.0 or 5.0 p.m.), Turkish time, being 12 o'clock noon by Eastern European time. We had come early, so as to get a good place, but as there was an hour and a half or more before the Sultan would be about, we had ample time to take stock of the scene and surroundings of the ceremony, and, indeed, to walk over the short Imperial route from the palace gates and view the mosque from the palace side at the top

of the hill, before the troops, lining the way, took up their positions. It is only a few yards along which the Sultan shows himself to his people, or, more strictly speaking, to his troops. The golden gate by which he comes is on the left at the top of the short, wide drive round down the hill to the mosque gates. Facing this road at the top of the hill is the approach to the harem. This well-kept semi-private road is continued to the right along the top of the mosque enclosure, a well-kept garden, enclosed with high iron rails and gates. The left side of the road going up the hill is partly occupied by a kiosk of the palace where Ambassadors attend for the Selamlık, before which is another gateway to the palace—that is, the park—and a raised platform formerly occupied by a kiosk for visitors to the Selamlık, which the Sultan not long ago destroyed for reasons of safety. The park wall forms the rest of the boundary to the public square, where the general public can assemble if they care to do to catch a glimpse of their Sovereign's face. Such as do attend, and they are mostly veiled women, with a few turbaned men, climb on the banks of the road, or hang along the rails on the low side of the Mosque yard, which abuts on the public road to Beshiktash. After the road was cleared, carts arrived to scatter Imperial sand in the way familiar to those who have waited to see Queen Victoria arrive at Paddington.

By half-past eleven the troops began to arrive. There were some 8000 altogether, with twelve brass bands, of which at least five played at once. There

were Lancers, on white horses, in grey coats and red fez, with pennons, Cavalry in dark blue with red stripes down the trousers, and Infantry, some Turkish, some Egyptian, with green turbans, and Arabs in long blue cloaks. The Cavalry were massed at the foot of the hill, and guarding the public approaches, and the Infantry lined the Sultan's route. There was still a long period of waiting, beguiled by the troops in purchasing cooling drinks from the water-carriers, during which time grand carriages kept dashing up with pashas and ministers. The smartest was that of the Minister of War. All these carriages, broughams, with mounted orderlies, set down their gorgeously uniformed, and usually venerable occupants at the gate below the Ambassadors' kiosk. Presently three closed carriages came slowly down the hill and turned in at the Mosque gates. The first contained (probably) the Valideh Sultan, that is, the Sultan's mother, officially; but in the present case the Imperial lady is really the Hasonadar ousa, or first lady of the Treasury, who succeeds to the position of Valideh on the death of the mother of the reigning sovereign. The next carriage contained the Sultan's wife, and third his daughters, all, of course, closely veiled, and guarded by black attendants in European dress. The troops are undoubtedly very fine; some of the Cavalry spare and temperate looking men, with fair hair and frank expression, might easily compare with our own, but their uniforms are sadly the worse for wear.

No one attending the Selamlik, however distantly, is allowed by the Sultan to use cameras, field glasses,

or umbrella. A young Englishman near by had a kodak, but an untidy, loafing sort of person came up and tore out his films. This individual was, doubtless, a palace spy.

At last the bands stopped, and there was a stir at the top of the hill, as the muezzin appeared on the minaret of the mosque. Leaning over the parapet, shading his eyes as he watched for the Sultan's approach, this important functionary in a turban began his call to prayer. From the turn to the golden gates now appeared a walking procession of pashas and ministers preceding the Sovereign. Many more were waiting at the mosque gates.

The Sultan's carriage now came in sight, a barouche with a pair of brown horses, driven by a coachman in the Imperial livery of blue and gold, with grooms in the same walking on each side. The hood was up, but the Sultan's face could be clearly seen by all as he sat forward and raised his hand several times to his fez, in response to the enthusiastic shout, "Pâdishâhim Chok Yasha!" (Long live my Sultan), which burst from his faithful soldiers all down the line. Opposite H.I.M. sat the Minister for War, a position of honour formerly occupied by Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna. Very slowly the procession moved down the hill, the central figure in this brilliant cavalcade wearing only a simple dark frock coat and red fez. All eyes were strained to see him, this retiring looking man with the high forehead, large penetrating eyes, and pointed beard and moustache turning grey, this great little man, with the

careworn suffering face, who never rests from the task of doing his duty, under God, to the varied peoples under his searching autocratic rule. It was a most moving spectacle, to be compared only with a sight of Leo XIII in St. Peter's, or Queen Victoria in one of the Jubilees. Looking as if he expected assassination at any moment, the Pâdishâh is driven into the mosque enclosure, and, alighting at the left wing, disappears up a carpeted staircase into his private oratory. As he enters, the cry is raised by the Albanians, standing on the staircase, "Remember that there is One greater than thou." Sultan Abdul-Hamid is a practising Mussulman, and for forty minutes he remained absorbed in prayer.

Meanwhile most of the troops were marched off, the State "greeting" being over, but all the high functionaries remained in waiting, and so did we, admiring the incomparable view over sea and land. In waiting also were four magnificent riding horses, richly saddled and led by grooms, all favourites of the Sultan, and ready should he choose one to ride back to the palace, though he never does such a thing nowadays. But there is also a beautiful little carriage waiting, drawn by two milk-white Arabs, a present to H.I.M. from the Emperor of Austria. Into this carriage—a victoria, without a box—the Sultan steps when he comes out of the mosque, and, completely hidden by the shining hood, drives himself at a slow trot up the hill to the golden gate, all the pashas, ministers, etc., lame, infirm, or otherwise running in a crowd behind.

In the afternoon we drove down to the Galata Bridge, and across this crowded wooden and very bumpy thoroughfare into Stambûl. This, the outer bridge, is called the Valideh Sultan Keuprisi, as it takes the place of a bridge of boats constructed in 1845 by the mother of Abdul-Medjid. The lateral landing stages on the outer side are remains of this older bridge. Near the Stambûl end of the bridge the 17th-century Yeni Valideh Jami' stands out prominently. It was begun by the wife of Ahmed I, and finished by the mother of Mahommed IV. We drove up to the Seraglio, and visited the court of the Janissaries with the 8th century church of St. Irene, now an armoury, and never made into a mosque, and the famous plane tree where the Janissaries planned their revolutions. The Bab-i-Humayûn (Imperial Gate) leads to Santa Sophia. It was the hour of prayer, so we ascended to the gallery first. It was an impressive view of what was once the most gorgeous church in the world. No wonder that Justinian is reported to have exclaimed when it was finished, "Glory be to God who hath counted one worthy to complete such a work. Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

The Emperor himself laid the foundation stone of the present building—on the site of a cathedral dedicated 15th February, 360—on the 23rd February, 532, and it was dedicated 20th December, 537. A sort of high priest occupied a throne where once stood the magnificent high altar of Justinian. Hundreds of men squatted on their carpets placed aslant—in

order to face Mecca—with their shoes in front of them, bowing forward with every word of the chanting. When this was over another priest took his station on the right side of the great nave, and expounded the Koran emphatically to a few devout listeners. It was all very quiet, with bootless people on matted floors, and everything was very clean. At intervals are small enclosed places for priests to assist in leading the congregation. There is a small pulpit up a very long flight of steps. We were shown the sweating column, and the prophet's prayer-carpet, and a large gilded pulpit-like structure called the Sultan's throne, where of course he never sits. The old mosaics, showing here and there the Christian emblems still, are very fine, but the yellow wash and the large round green shields with Turkish inscriptions are disfiguring. The place is full of pigeons. Over the central door from the Esonarthex into the nave—the Porta Basilica—can still be seen an open book in bronze, with the inscription, "The Lord said I am the door of the sheep. By Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and go in and out to find pasture," which has been spared destruction.

We afterwards visited the Hippodrome, now called At Meidan, with the Column of Theodosius, originally an obelisk erected by Thothmes III at Heliopolis—the Burnt Column, restored in the 10th century, and the Serpent Column, which is said to have been brought from Delphi by Constantine. The base of this column was cleared by British soldiers after the

Crimean War. One does not usually associate the four bronze horses of Saint Mark's Venice, with Constantinople, yet here they ought to be, for they were carried off from the Hippodrome to Venice in 1204, and are really no more at home in Venice than they were during their short visit to Paris under Napoleon.

It is unfortunate that no excavations are allowed in the Hippodrome. The Hippodrome was begun at great cost about 203 A.D. by Septimus Severus, and then left, owing to the Emperor being called to the West. It was not continued until after Constantine had fought his way into Byzantium in 323. The new Imperial capital—henceforth Constantinople—and the Hippodrome were together inaugurated 11th May, 330 A.D. On the south-eastern side of the Hippodrome stands the large and imposing Mosque of the Sultan Ahmed (built 1608-14), with its six minarets, which number equalling those of the Mosque at Mecca, Ahmed had to appease popular feeling by building a seventh at the Kaaba. These large mosques are very much more than houses of prayer. The Mosque proper, the Jami', is entered through a large forecourt, called the Harâm, and behind is a garden (rûzah) with one or more Turbehs or Imperial mausoleums, small mosque-shaped buildings containing the tombs of the founder and his family. Round the garden are grouped the Mekteb, or primary school, the Medresseh, or theological college, the Imaret, or soup kitchen, the Kitab-Khaneh (library), and sometimes also a Hammam

(bath), and a khan, or hospital. The whole forms a group of ecclesiastical buildings, in the same way as the monasteries and colleges of Latin countries, or the cathedral closes of our own. The students who live in the Medressehs are known as softas, and from them are recruited not only the Imâm^s, or parish priests, with their subordinate ministers at the mosques, the Hodjas, Muezzins, etc., but also the other members of the 'Ulema,' or 'learned,' the Muftis (doctors of law) and Mollahs and Kâdis (ecclesiastical judges). All these are subordinate to the Sheikh-ul-Islam, as at once the highest ecclesiastical dignitary, and the supreme court of appeal.

From the Hippodrome we went to the "Burnt Column," as it is called, and the Turbeh (tomb) of Mahmûd II. The former, the remains of a fine monument of porphyry, bound together with bronze wreaths added in 416, is in reality the Column of Constantine the Great, and marks the site of the Forum of the first Emperor.

The tomb of the Sultan Mahmûd is a round white marble building with a dome, standing by itself. It contains the sanduks (boxes) of Mahmûd himself, and of Abdul-Aziz, his son, besides several princes and princesses. Mahmûd II, "the Reformer," was the first to abandon the turban for the fez, and on his sanduk is placed the more modern headgear, ornamented with an aigrette. Abdul-Aziz has the still more modern low fez, without ornament, on his sanduk. Both are enclosed with railings, inlaid with mother-of pearl. These sanduks, covered with costly

gold-embroidered shawls, are merely empty tombs; the bodies of the Sultans lie without coffins in the soil beneath. This Turbeh contains some beautiful manuscripts of the Koran, on very rich stands, and amongst other treasures a very ornate clock, presented by the Emperor Napoléon III. Outside is a fountain, as is the case at all the mosques, for worshippers not merely to drink, but also to wash their feet. The latest addition to these fountains (cheshmehs or sebils) is a dome and octagon in white marble, presented by the German Emperor, and dedicated by the Kaiser in person. It is adorned alternately with the monograms of the friendly sovereigns, Abdul-Hamid II and William II. The Sublime Porte, which we passed on our way down to the Galata Bridge, has now an almost deserted appearance. Yildiz is now the Porte as well as the palace. We had an opportunity the next day of a better view of the modern Imperial palaces, which are well seen from the water, save the delusive Yildiz itself, of which only a half glimpse can be got from almost any point.

IV

No visit to Constantinople is complete without a trip up the Bosphorus within view of the Black Sea. Driving again to Beshiktash, we took steamer from this busy little pier between Dolmabâghchek and Tcheragan. The latter, rebuilt by Abdul-Aziz, and where he died, is passed quite close by the steamer just after leaving the pier. Despite its marble

beauty, the palace has a rather deserted appearance, and the closest gaze at the windows reveals nothing of its great secret. A young English lady, who passed by in a yacht not long afterwards, told me that a figure came to the window and looked at the English boat, upon which she instantly dipped our flag to Murad V. But the Sultan, if it were really he, was soon guided back into the room by his attendants. The secret is so well kept in Constantinople that it is practically impossible to get at the truth. The reason for the mystery is of course to be found in the fears of the present Court party of the reinstatement of Murad on the throne, as was actually attempted in 1878. A rumour of this again got about the year before last, and was not long afterwards followed by an official announcement of the death of the Sultan Murad from a long-standing disease, and of the intense grief thereby occasioned to his august brother, the present occupant of the throne. A funeral took place, and there the matter was supposed to end. At the same time, whether His Imperial Majesty, Murad V, died there recently as announced, and was until that time resident at Tcheragan, or whether he died—by fair means or foul—many years ago, and even whether he be yet alive, it would be hardly wise to assert with positive assurance.

Immediately behind the palace are the steep slopes of the Park of Yildiz. The next pier is Orta Keui, with the beautiful Yeni Valideh Jami' on the point, built by the mother of Abdul-Aziz. Just beyond are

two white villas, washed by the waves, belonging to two of the Sultan's daughters, married to two of Osman Pasha's sons. Passing Kuru Chesmeh, the next stopping place is at Arnaût Keui, where the water rushes round the point (Akindi Baru) like a river in flood. The current is always in one direction. There is no rise and fall of the tide. The over-full Black Sea, fed by Russian streams, empties itself like a river through the Bosphorus into the Sea of Marmora. The banks here are thickly populated, the villages practically joining along the water's edge.

Above Bebek, the next stop, stands the American Robert College in a prominent position. At these piers, a motley crowd awaits the arrival of the steamer, mostly third-class passengers, the men and women locked into separate waiting rooms. The names of the places are put up in both Turkish and European characters. The corner by Rumili Hissar is very beautiful. It is the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, with the huge "Castle of Europe" on this side (built by Mahommed II in 1452, when he was planning the seizure of Constantinople), and Anadolu Hissar with the "Castle of Asia" (built by Bayezid II) exactly opposite. The next two piers are at Boyaji, Emirghian—where is the palace occupied more permanently than he intended by the Khedive Ismail. Stenia, the next stoppage, is a large place with a good harbour. A lot of fishing was going on here, the nets staked into the water. At Yeni Keui (new village) is the Austrian Ambassador's summer palace. Plenty of mackerel seem to be caught here.

Therapia, the next port of call, is the residence in summer of most of the Ambassadors. The German Embassy is a large square building with the best garden, the Italian, a small yellow house in the row along the quay, and the French, two big red blocks in a small garden. The British Ambassador's house has the best situation, on the promontory, and is rather prettily built. At Kireck Burnu (lime point), the next place of call, you get a first view of the Black Sea, the strait widening greatly at its northern end. Buyukdereh is the next pier, a place of considerable size, with fine aqueducts crossing the valley behind; and then, passing Mezâr Burnu and Yeni Mahallhe, we reach Rumili Kavak, the last station on the European side. There were a good many soldiers about, and three long guns pointing from the fort above. From here one can see quite a number of forts guarding both sides of the strait from the Black Sea.

Thus far we had been entirely on the European side, but now we cross to Asia, and touch at Anadoli Kavak, the most northerly pier on this side. A couple of steamers were lying off here in quarantine. A quarter of an hour's stop enabled us to take stock of this beautiful little place embosomed in fig trees. It is not unlike a Devonshire fishing village, but has an entirely Turkish population. There were a number of small sailing boats lying in, and crowds of idlers, both men and women, loitering in the tiny streets. Three of our passengers were Mahommedan priests, wearing black cassocks and

white turbans wound round a white embroidered fez. We had coffee and Turkish delight on deck.

From Anadoli Kavak we crossed back to Europe, with a beautiful view of the "Genoese Castle," a Byzantine ruin with an ancient gateway from the Greek Temple on the same site. The steamer follows the European shore again as far as Stenia, and there we crossed to Beikos, the largest village on the Bosphorus, but built entirely of wood like the others. Passing Chibukli, the site of the great "monastery of the sleepless," where, in the 5th century, services were held day and night without ceasing, now, alas! a petroleum depôt, we came to Rifat Pasha, with beautiful gardens, and Khanlijeh. All along the shore here are the summer palaces of great Turks, all, of course, in two blocks, the selamlik (for men) and harem (for women). At Anadoli Hissar is the "Castle of Asia," a much smaller ruin than the opposite one, and here are the "Sweet waters of Asia." The place was of course deserted; in June and July it is crowded with the Turkish ladies of the upper classes. The Imperial kiosk at the mouth of the stream was built by the mother of Abdul-Medjid—the present Sultan's grandmother. At the next place, Kandili, the steamer began to fill up with passengers going to Constantinople. Yeni Keui (new village) was the next stop, with huge barracks down at the water's edge, and then, passing Chengel Keui, we came in near view of Beylerbey. It is a Turkish village on the site of a Byzantine

town, and there is a gorgeous palace of white marble built by Abdul-Aziz in 1865, in place of the Serai, built by his father, Mahmûd II. The palisade by the water's edge of pink and white marble is of rare beauty. In this charming retreat the Empress Eugénie resided, attended by a brilliant suite, during her brief visit to the Sultan of Turkey in 1869. Abdul-Aziz spared neither money nor pains in the sumptuous entertainment of his Imperial guest.

Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of the French arrived at Constantinople on board the Imperial yacht "*l'Aigle*" on Wednesday, October 13th, 1869, at 2 p.m., and sailed up the Bosphorus to the palace of Beylerbey, accompanied by a fleet of steamers and other craft. The Sultan proceeded in his State barge, and landed with the Empress. On the arrival of H.I.M. in the Bosphorus, girls from the Catholic schools of Constantinople, on board a French steamer, sang a hymn of welcome, and the Empress acknowledged their greeting.

After sunset, the vessels at the Golden Horn and in the Bosphorus, and the minarets and mosques were lighted up; there was a general illumination, and fireworks were displayed from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea. The Empress visited the Sultana, and dined with the Sultan.

The next day H.I.M. visited Santa Sophia, and other objects of interest in Stambûl, and received the visit of the Valideh Sultan.

The following morning, Friday, the Empress assisted at the Selamlık, by witnessing from a

window of the Dolmabahcheh palace, the Imperial procession to the mosque of Beshiktash, and received the Diplomatic Corps and their wives at Beylerbey. In the afternoon the Empress proceeded in the Sultan's yacht to the Sweet Waters of Asia at Anadolu Hissar, landed at the Sultan's kiosk with a military reception, and drove up the valley in an open carriage. Returning to Beylerbey, the grounds were lighted up, and the ironclads and men-of-war illuminated. The next day a review of 20,000 men was held at Beikos, before their Imperial Majesties, the Empress and the Sultan. Later, the whole length of the Bosphorus was illuminated, the hills were lined with troops saluting with platoon firing; the rigging of the men-of-war in the Bosphorus was illuminated with lamps, and fireworks were thrown up from rafts moored on the water.

On the Sunday H.I.M. assisted at Mass in the Armeno-Catholic Cathedral at Pera, newly decorated by the Sultan. The programme of the visit also included a gala performance at the opera, and state dinners with the Sultan.

The Empress left on Tuesday, the 19th, for Alexandria, on board "l'Aigle," the Sultan taking leave of her Majesty at Beylerbey. The Imperial yacht was accompanied by the French warships, "Ajaccio" and "Forbin," the Sultan's yacht and four Turkish ironclads. Both sides of the Bosphorus were lined with troops, and parting salutes were fired from the forts. In Egypt the Empress was joined by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Khedive

Ismail, the Crown Prince Frederick, the Grand Duke Michael, etc., for the opening of the Suez Canal.

Never has Constantinople been en fête to such an extent since; the incomparable harbour was gay with flags, while the extravagant splendours of the court of the late Sultan were as exaggerated as the simplicity, almost amounting to asceticism, of the present. There is but one more pier—Kusgunjik—before Skutari, but the shore is so thickly populated that there is practically no break from Kandili to Skutari. Between Beylerbey and Kusgunjik lies the small village of Istavros. Skutari is quite a large town, with some 45,000 inhabitants. The view of Constantinople, crossing to the Galata bridge, is superb, but the whole of this lovely trip can hardly be enjoyed to the full so early as April, with a wind more searching than the keenest blasts of March in England. We walked over the Galata bridge, with its ceaseless stream of almost every nation and every class, and drove up by the Grand Rue de Pera. The shops here are an attempt at Paris.

V

The next day was Sunday, so we attended service at the Embassy Church. The Bishop of Gibraltar, who, with his brother, Colonel Sandford, was staying in our hotel, and had been consecrating a new church at Kadikeui the previous day, preached the sermon and celebrated Holy Communion.

In the afternoon a rather long walk brought us to the Crimean Memorial Church at the bottom of

Pera, where the Bishop of Gibraltar held a Confirmation before Evensong. The Church is an Early English building from the plans of Mr. Street, erected on a site presented, as a brass records, by H.I.M. the Sultan. The Golden Horn and its banks were quite hidden by a thick white mist the next morning when daylight broke about 6 o'clock, only the houses of the higher part of Stambûl showing above. The sunset glow had been wonderful, and the night gorgeously brilliant.

No Englishman could leave Constantinople without a visit to the Crimean cemetery on the Asiatic shore, so on the day of our departure, after tramping round to the Bulgarian and Servian Consulates to have our passports viséd, and a final visit to the British Consulate for a general visa, we drove on to the Galata Bridge and crossed over to Asia in the afternoon. There was not a boat at the moment to Haidar Pasha, so as time pressed we took passages to Kadi Keui, a rather longer walk. Kadi Keui—the ancient Chalcedon—is obviously Asiatic the moment you land. Most of the people, unlike Constantinople itself, look quite un-European. The porters on the pier are most picturesque, and as you drive along the street groups of men in turbans and baggy trousers sit at a café by the roadside looking like Turks, for the fez and frock coat of the official classes are a concession to European forms. There were some huge negroes about, too. We drove across the railway line between Haidar Pasha station and the new looking pier, where the only things

stirring were plenty of fowls and some dogs, to the gate of the English cemetery. It is a most lovely situation, overhanging the sea, with the Sea of Marmora and the small promontory of Kadi Keui to the left and on the right all the grand panorama of Stambûl and the Bosphorus.

In the ordinary cemetery, all beautifully kept, is the tomb of Admiral Hobart Pasha; the Crimean portion is beyond and nearest to Skutari, with the military hospital close by on the land side, where Miss Florence Nightingale did her noble work. There are a fair number of monuments, including an altar tomb to two sons of Lord Braybrooke and brothers of the Master of Magdalene, and large mounds for those who have none. The general monument put by Queen Victoria is rather imposing. We walked back to the little pier at Kadi Keui, along a road inches deep in dust, and crossed back to the Galata Bridge. The view you get in crossing is superb, the Sea of Marmora to Princes Islands in the distance, the Seraglio Point, and just a glimpse of Yildiz itself, half hidden with trees in the midst of the mysterious park up the Bosphorus. By Yildiz itself is meant the chief Kiosk of the palace confines, where at any rate the Sultan sometimes dines and often receives in audience. The newest boat of the Austrian Lloyd had just come in as we returned, with the Princess Elizabeth, only child of the late Crown Prince Rudolph and grand-daughter of Kaiser Franz Josef, on board. We walked over the Galata Bridge once more, and drove up to Pera, to take our depar-

ture from the Hotel Bristol after tea to catch the evening train for the west. Over the Galata Bridge again, and turning to the left the station is close by. It was a most comfortable start; none of the crowd or bustle of many continental stations.

VI

It was a brilliant night, and as the train slowly crept round the Seraglio Point and along the shore round the city, we saw a good deal more of Stambûl before leaving the walls at the Seven Castles. The cafés were crowded with men, mostly very placid, with their immense hookahs, but some groups looked rather excited playing cards. The sunset over the sea and the rising full moon were equally glorious. We bid a regretful farewell to Constantinople, and the next morning saw a little more of Turkey around Adrianople after a gorgeous sunrise. Two huge mosques, one with four minarets and the other with two, stood out sharp above the town, backed by the brilliant gold of the newly-risen sun, with the river Maritza in the foreground. We passed a few small villages of thatched huts, and saw a little of real Turkish country life in a closely-veiled woman in brown carrying water in pails at the two ends of a pole, and a man on horseback driving cattle, with storks all over the place, before arriving at Mustapha Pasha, where we finally parted with the dignified and gentlemanly Turk.

This part of Turkey—Rumelia—is beautifully fertile, the grass very green, and quantities of fruit

trees. They use heavy black oxen for ploughing here, the men carry goads—the “pricks” of Acts iv, 5. At Hermanli we found Bulgarian soldiers and officials, for Eastern Rumelia has been handed over to the irrepressible Bulgar, while the natural boundary between Turkey and Bulgaria would be the Balkans. The population are partly Christian and partly Moslem—like most of Turkey in Europe. At Papasli is a minareted mosque, and in the succeeding village a Greek church. The people are certainly a strange looking lot, and the women—Christian of course—most fantastically attired. The men wear turbans and fez. The names of the stations, etc., are put up in European, Turkish, and Bulgarian characters.

We reached Philippopolis at 11.31, and about 1.0 we were at Sarembey, where engines are changed, and we came to Bulgaria proper. The train soon began to climb the mountain pass into the Principality, leaving the big peaks of the Balkans behind on the right, and the Rhodope mountains—the highest, 9800 feet—on the left. At Hostencetz Bania, Ichtiman—which has both a church and a mosque—and at Sofia itself, we had ample opportunities of seeing groups of the wild-looking Bulgarians. At Tzaribrod, the first Servian town, we changed to Central European time, one hour later, and ran across Servia through Nisch during the night, reaching Belgrade—which is right on the Hungarian frontier—in the early morning. Little did we think, during our halt in this clean and orderly looking town, and as we passed again and again the Konak, where

King Alexander and Queen Draga were still residing—so jealously guarded by smart sentries—little did we think of the hideous farce those sentries would soon turn out to be. The sickening horror of that ghastly crime, unparalleled for ages in its appalling fiendish cruelty, and barbarous ferocity, must continue to hold up to execration the Servian Army, and the profiting Karageorgevitch dynasty, for years to come.

VII

No living sovereign has been, or is, more maligned than His Imperial Majesty Sultan Abdul-Hamid II. He is ignorantly described as almost anything a "Turk" might be expected to be, and the term is one of contempt, not only amongst ourselves. No educated subject of His Imperial Majesty would use the word to describe one of themselves, the Osmanlis. "Turk" is a very different thing—a semi-barbarian. There is no doubt room for criticism in the extraordinary return to an absolute one-man rule which the present reign has witnessed, and indeed brought about. Such a reaction is bound to affect progress adversely to some extent, for however enlightened the ruler, no one man can supervise what the present Sultan attempts to do. And there is the further danger in the growth under this extreme centralisation of a Palace party, whose interest is to keep the Sultan in permanent distrust of modernizing politicians, even to the extent of encouraging not altogether unfounded fears for his personal safety.

Education is said to be suffering under the present system, and this may be true to some extent of the modern type State schools (the Rushdiyyeh and the Idadiyyeh), but the old type of schools, the religious establishments connected with most of the mosques, still provide for primary education in the liberal way, which they did long before attention was paid to the subject by the Governments of Western Europe. We have said that the Turkish sovereign has set himself an impossible task, not so much in stemming the tide of what is roughly called progress, for in that he has succeeded to a remarkable degree, but in attempting to govern alone, with little more than a Palace Committee, the Ottoman Empire. What he does perform in attention to the varied needs of this mixed Empire is simply astonishing, but it will not be surprising if he gives his life to the prodigious task. No sovereign in the world, it may safely be said, works harder, and none, not even the Austrian Emperor, so entirely ignores a life of pleasure. So far from following the custom of even so recent a Sultan as his uncle Abdul-Aziz in the matter of his harem, his present Majesty has but one wife, and rarely visits the palace, where the many ladies custom still provides should reside, live under the strict supervision of the Valideh Sultan, together with the monarch's own younger children.

At Yildiz the Sultan lives a lonely strenuous life, looking careworn and subdued, but when he finds one whom he can entirely trust he honours him with his personal friendship, irrespective of race or creed.

Some Ambassadors have been included in this category, and it is said that the present Armenian Patriarch is one. Speaking of creed in the Turkish Empire, it does not seem to be always realised that it is not at all necessary to be a Mussulman to have a high place in the service of the Sultan. Rustem Pasha, for instance, the successor of Musurus at the Court of St. James', and for so long a familiar figure in London society, lived and died a devout Roman Catholic. That the Sultan can show not merely gratitude but magnanimity was remarkably illustrated in his generous treatment of King Milan, after the latter had resigned the Servian throne. King Milan himself was much impressed by the Sultan's kindly forgetfulness of the fact that he had been twice a rebel against his suzerain, and that he was indirectly responsible for the Russian War.

M. Chedo Mijatovitch, formerly Servian Minister to the Sultan, who has lately made public his conversation with King Milan on this subject, has also told how the Sultan received the news of King Alexander's engagement to Madame Draga Mashin; with what kindly sympathy he condoned the act, while acknowledging its folly. M. Mijatovitch, from his own personal intercourse with His Majesty, says of the Sultan that he is "considerate, modest, charitable, and patient. His consciousness of his responsibility towards God makes him hesitate to punish anyone severely. Certainly he was never carried away by impulsiveness. He even exaggerates in his desire to consider every question from all

points. He is slow, often much too slow, for the nervous and impatient sons of the West. Even in the eyes of Turks his conscientiousness, the mother of his hesitation, makes him appear a man who lacks energy. But he is not without energy. The re-organisation of the military forces of the Ottoman Empire is a great work, implying great intelligence and great energy, and it is really his own work."

And this tribute to a much misunderstood sovereign by one who knows, is not at variance with that of an English writer, Mrs. Minto Elliot—who says—and the present writer would desire to echo the words—"No Sultan has ascended the throne of Mahommed more blameless in private life, or endowed with more sentiments of general humanity." It may be too much to expect any general appreciation of the present Sovereign of Turkey in England. The political passions engendered by Mr. W. E. Gladstone have barely spent their force, and the illiberal education in matters of Imperial concern accorded to their followers by self-styled Liberal statesmen who love to keep the attention of voters concentrated on purely domestic affairs, does not tend to enlighten generally the views of the electorate. But such as study the question at all, might at least be expected to feel some sympathy for the Sultan, Abdul-Hamid, in his prodigious task, under difficulties many and great. His isolation is greater than that of the Czar, and his imprisonment more real, whilst he shows himself to his subjects once every week, and the

Czar—almost never. He works hard and plays little; his only indulgence would seem to be somewhat excessive cigarette smoking—a habit shared with the Emperor Napoléon—and he never has a change or a holiday. He never leaves the environment of Yildiz, not even to set foot on the Imperial yacht lying almost at its gates; while the Czar has his two prison-palaces, Peterhof and Tsarkoe-Selo, and does get occasionally a trip on the "Standart" or the "Polar Star." And if we cannot exactly admire, for our long familiarity with constitutional government, the autocratic (or bureaucratic) systems of either Turkey or Russia, we must admit that the Sultan rules with more success than the Autocrat of all the Russias. Both alike are at the head of the religious as well as of the civil power, but there is much more toleration under the Mahommedan rule of the Sultan than under the Greek Church in Russia in the name of the Czar, far more indeed than under that mockery of liberty, fraternity, and equality exhibited by the Third Republic in France.

We omit any mention of the Sultan's name when using our Liturgy in the Turkish Empire, and correctly so, as it is only intended to be used for Christian rulers; but why we include, when using it in France, the chief of not only a non-Christian, but an infidel—in some cases boastfully and blasphemous infidel—executive, it is hard to say. Let us at least be fair in our estimate of Abdul-Hamid and his rule. If any Power is capable of assisting the Sultan, both in reforms within the Empire, and in resistance to

Russian or other aggression from without, that Power is England; but if we are to be of any service in this connection, it is of first necessity that we secure the trustful confidence of the Sultan himself. So long as we leave Russian agents free to meddle in the Ottoman Empire, under the pretext of reform, we shall never do this. The German Emperor, holding aloof from quixotic demonstrations, has succeeded to what we have lost, under the reaction from the policy of Lord Beaconsfield.

The Sultan, although for years he has never left his capital, is not an ignorant Asiatic, out of touch with European politics. He has visited these Western countries; he was in Paris with Abdul-Aziz in that memorable year when Czar and Emperor, Kings and Sultan, and Princes galore, shared in the hospitality of the Emperor Napoléon and the Empress Eugénie at the Tuileries. Abdul-Aziz, we remember, saw Europe—visited England and France—and found it wanting. He saw, and returned home to a life of indolent pleasure. Abdul-Hamid saw, and when the time came for him to ascend the throne, he scorned luxury and pleasure, and gave himself to a life of studied moderation and arduous toil. His loyal and devoted soldiers, heroes we can only call them, with the ineffaceable memory of Plevna and of Osman Pasha—alas! no longer at the Sultan's side—his magnificent troops week by week greet the Padishah with their vociferous auguries for a long life. May we not, as much in sympathy for a conscientious ruler placed in a most unenviable position, as in our

desire for the preservation of peace in Europe, echo their cry, "Padishahim Chok Yasha"? Long live the Sultan!

In the early days of June, 1910, Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugénie visited Constantinople again. The Empress, who arrived from Smyrna on board H.I.M.Y. "Thistle," was received by Sultan Mahommed V at the palace of Dolmabaghcheh, and remained for some little time in the Bosphorus, revisiting the scenes of former days.

From Constantinople the Empress proceeded in the "Thistle" to the Piræus. H.I.M. received the King and Queen of Sweden and the King and Queen of Denmark at Cap Martin before starting, shortly after the death of King Edward, for Constantinople. The Empress visited the King and Queen of Greece at Athens, and, in August, received the King and Queen of Spain on board the "Thistle" at Cowes.

My wife and I were at Cap Martin and at Cowes as usual that year, and so saw Her Imperial Majesty just before, and after, the Constantinople visit of 1910. Sultan Mahommed V, who succeeded to the throne on the deposition of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, April 1909, died 3rd July, 1918, and was succeeded by his brother, Vahid Eddine Effendi, as Mahommed VI.

